



WEEKLY NON-PARTISAN PAPER  
FOR THE HOME, FARM, SCHOOL,  
FACTORY AND FIRESIDE.

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Communications on Agricultural  
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V. C. MOORE, Manager.

(Continued from page twelve.)

## UNCLE WALT The Poet Philosopher

He called his counselors and said, one day in London town: "It is decreed that my poor head must wear the kingly crown. And when that crown is on my KING GEORGE. brow, the sceptre in my hand, I'll reign the best that I know how, and guard my native land. But, to avoid a muss that would deface the nation's fame, there's one thing must be understood this early in the game. At reigning I will labor hard, as busy as a bee, but you must keep that Austin bard from shooting songs at me. A monarch cannot put up hay, or make a useful sound, if Alfred Austin springs a lay, whenever he turns around. And so, my lords and gentlemen, you should be looking sharp; go, confiscate that poet's pen, and smash his blamed old harp. A monarch bears a heavy load, e'en when there is no bard; if Alfred Austin writes an ode, that rubs it in too hard."

*Back Masson*

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### WEEKLY TONIC.

(Thomas L. Masson.)

Perhaps none of us had suspected that June is a great instructor; not so much in the way of imparting facts, as in teaching us what is worth while. When June comes, she fills us utterly and completely with a sense of the vanity of learning, and of the cheapness of material things. June is the month in which we seem to get even with every one else that we have had occasion to envy, who is better off in the world's goods. And one of the nicest things about June is that she is so thoroughly impartial. She is kind and generous to all. She creeps in on the city, and even puts her share of green in between the cobblestones; as much as to say, "I simply won't be suppressed." Think of what it would mean if a combination of capital could corner June and deal it out only to those who had the money to pay for it! How quickly they would do it if they could! But the fact that they cannot do it—that June is for us all, that it never can be an exclusive thing with a favored few—is almost enough to compensate for everything else.

June invites us to walk out of the city just a bit and fills us with all sorts of sweet scents, delights us with the most beautiful scenes. From this point of vantage we may watch the toiling millionaire fly by in his dusty automobile. June indeed is giving us something that she withholds from him.

What a great success June is as an artist! Se takes up the work of May with a prodigal hand. How she pours out her delicate tints, with such reckless extravagance and sublime courage! No timidity or cringing there! And the best of it is that in some wholly indefinable manner she paints us with them. We take on all the hues until we are fairly singing with complacency. No wonder that our capacity for loving should be increased, with such a guide as June.

### WHY DOES BUSINESS HALT?

Why does business halt? Why is the interest rate climbing higher? Why are so many spindles idle in our mills and operatives in enforced idleness? Why, with large crops and the predictions of unprecedented prosperity, is the country experiencing hard times, with scarcity of money?

These questions are asked by thoughtful men on all sides, but there is no satisfactory answer from any source.

In an interesting letter in the Philadelphia Public Ledger from New York, the veteran and able correspondent, "Holland," reviews conditions during the year that ends June 30th. He refers to the prediction last August by "one of the most cautious and conservative of the great financiers of this country," who predicted that "the United States was entering upon an era of prosperity, the magnitude of which, as well as the consequences, were so great as to stagger his imagination." The writer goes on to say:

"When he was asked upon what he based this prediction, he gave three reasons: First, the certainty that our crops would be on the whole, above the average, and the estimate that they would market for not far from \$8,000,000,000. In the second place, he was of the opinion that political agitation was ended, and that business had little reason to fear disturbance, caused by the demands of those who, in sincerity, or in a spirit of demagoguery urged drastic control or regulation of the corporations engaged in interstate commerce. The third reason was based upon his personal knowledge of conditions in Europe, and especially the marvelously changed sentiment that prevailed in Europe and Great Britain, as compared with the gloomy views entertained at the time of our currency panic of 1907. He was sure that the restored and increased confidence in Europe in the corporate properties of the United States and in our irresistible advance would tend greatly to increase confidence so that before the end of the year that would be completely restored."

Quoting other men like Vanderbilt, who saw the rosier future, Holland proceeds thus:

"There came, however, in the mid-fall, a curious and as yet inexplicable change. The crops were harvested. James J. Hill's prediction of an \$8,000,000,000 crop was apparently to be found accurate. General mercantile business was good. The makers of steel and iron and of finished products like tools and machinery, into which steel largely enters, found their orders gradually increasing. Yet there was observed the beginning of some reaction. The Government was discovered that there were heavy decreases in our exports, while at the same time almost an abnormal increase in imports. Money was plentiful for those who wanted to borrow upon call, but it was timid when appeal was made to it for permanent investment in corporation or railway securities.

"No one seemed to be able to give a reason for this sudden condition of financial and business fog. The best that could be said was that it was due to a feeling of suspense, to a sense on the part of those engaged in larger financial or business undertakings that they were without chart or compass. But no one was able to say exactly what caused the feeling of suspense. Some attributed it to the decision of the courts in the Tobacco and the Standard Oil cases. Others professed to fear that the danger of very radical legislation was not ended. So we entered upon the second six months of the fiscal year with three unusual conditions clearly outlined, one of them, in fact, being without precedent. The more conspicuous feature of the situation was the relation of our export of food products to the high cost of living. We begin to realize that although the farmers of the United States may raise crops of the market value of \$8,000,000,000, yet it was apparent that they were beginning to raise food products relatively less in amount than the increase in population.

"Then again it was made apparent that larger business interests were disposed to await the decision of the Supreme Court in the Tobacco Company and Standard Oil Company cases. Furthermore, it was made clear that American capital was not disposed to invest large amounts of money in long-time securities offered by railroad companies.

"Now, these three conditions were

wholly unforeseen by those who predicted in the late summer of last year the beginning of an era of unsurpassed prosperity, both relatively and absolute. The record of the fiscal year now nearing an end must be regarded from one point of view as very encouraging. It shows conclusively that business of the United States is, on the whole, wisely and honorably directed. The Government can point in this record to the association of the United States with the great powers of Europe upon equal terms in the marketing of the new Chinese loan. The records will show that though we send possibly \$30,000,000 of gold directly, or indirectly, to Argentina, yet we exported to that country machinery, electrical equipment, manufactured products in the aggregate making a great commerce with that republic, and we have undoubtedly invested many millions of dollars in agricultural developments and railways. Furthermore, it so happens that just at the end of the fiscal year the keel is laid for one of the great battleships for which the Argentine Republic contracted with American builders.

"At the same time the statistics of the year will tell of an ominous importation of iron from China to ports upon the Pacific coast and an equally portentous importation of cotton in addition to the long-fibred cotton which it is necessary for us to import, since we raise none—cotton from India and from South America, even from China, utilized chiefly by Southern cotton goods manufacturers. There is a world of meaning in these statistics."

All of which is interesting but not reassuring.

### PENSION TO JOHN A. KISSINGER.

Special cases of pensioning and also the total amount of national pensions have brought forth burning criticism. Here is one case on which all can agree, that of John A. Kissinger, who has just been granted a pension of \$100 a month.

John A. Kissinger is remembered as the man who, during the Spanish-American war was subjected to a yellow fever experiment. Physicians suspected that the disease was caused by the bites of infected mosquitoes. Kissinger, a private soldier, requested to be allowed to be subjected to the first experiment. The sacrifice was to be a gift to the world. There was one condition, namely, that he should receive no compensation. He was inoculated with the disease, and finally escaped death only to remain a helpless invalid, with both legs paralyzed. His wife and two children are dependent upon him.

There can be no question that he deserved the pension, especially if heroism, self-sacrifice and resulting need be the conditions on which pensions are granted. Apart from any duty on the part of the government, the world owes a great debt to this man. Doubtless another would have been found to do that which he did. The martial hero receives no less honor because there may have been another who would have done the same thing had the occasion presented itself.

It is estimated that in 1878 yellow fever cost the country \$100,000,000 by interference with commerce alone. Each year claimed many thousands of victims. The dread disease is now under control. Only because of its control and the control of malaria is it possible to construct the Panama canal. He who aids in securing national health, one of the greatest of assets, increases the national wealth. The man who abates an appalling race homicide, due to preventable deaths, deserves equal glory with him who, at the risk of his life, carries out the national policies by war.

Personal glory is closely related to much of the heroism with which we are acquainted. Many of the heroes of history had every spur to action, and they acted with others. Some men have shown bravery when the absence of bravery would have meant cowardice. All honor to the obscure hero who in the quiet ways of life fights the greatest of battles all alone.

How should a wife address her husband? This is a question raised by the Baltimore Sun. Should she call him "hubby" or "puddin'" or "Mr. Jones"? Here is the view of the experienced and venerable married man who edits the Greensboro Record:

"Depends on what a wife wants. If it is a forty dollar hat or hundred dollar gown, she knows exactly what to call him to get there, but if he comes home loaded to the brim in the early hours of the morning she would be justified in calling him almost any old name."

Editor Bob Deal, of the Wilkesboro For generations the world has accepted the saying: "An old fool is the biggest fool of all." This is evidenced by the published letters of Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, written to a young lady who is suing him for \$50,000 "breach of promise." "When I am back I shall hug you to pieces" and "precious one, I can't thank you for it all—at least only when I have you in my arms" are about the coldest of the expressions. Such language ought to be paid for.

Chronicle, takes big risks with his reputation for truth and sobriety when he prints this item: "There is some excitement over a big snake said to have been seen Saturday in the lower end of the Rousseau bottom. It was the biggest ever seen in this section and had hair on its back two inches long, so those say who saw it. It whipped out several dogs and got away."

A Cincinnati woman, the wife of a prominent merchant, has inaugurated a national "kiss-not" campaign. The members wear buttons bearing the warning "Kiss-Not." Some Ohio women do not need to wear such buttons. The North Carolina women are so kissable that the men would not be restrained by a mere button. They would merely press the button and then take the kiss.

Good for City Attorney Walter Clark! He led the winning fight in the State Municipal Convention for a chance to try commission government for cities of North Carolina. The weakest place in administration is cities, and it is gratifying to see city officials leading the way to try a new system that has worked well wherever tried.

Mr. Roosevelt is Happy—When in Egypt, he made a speech that made the Egyptians mad by praising the English government. Now all England is severely criticising him for his remarks in London. If he can just make 'em talk about him, Teddy is happy.

Trinity commencement this week closes the season. It has been a brilliant one and has turned out many sweet girl and boy graduates. What will they do with the world? And what will the world do then?

The comet's tail is better than any other in the June magazines.

A farmer of Clay county, Minnesota, paid for 140 acre farm solely out of his potato crop. He sold one lot for which he received a check for \$1,002 at the rate 76 cents per bushel.

Admiration is the basis of ignorance.—Balthasar Gracian.  
Admiration and familiarity are strangers.—George Sand.

### THE KING'S KISS.

"How long," he asked, "will you remember this?"  
"How long?" Then downward bent his kingly head, and on her lips a kiss fell like a flame—a flame that sent through every vein  
Love's joy and pain:  
"How long," he asked, "will you remember this?"

How long? She lifted from his breast her cheek,  
"Twice red with sacred love,  
Yet when her redder lips essayed to speak  
And when her heart did move  
To answer grave and sweet  
Somehow a smile unmet  
Broke waywardly across her lips and cheek.

"How long, how long will I remember this? Say you?" She murmured low—  
"Say you"—and while she trembled with her bliss  
The smile went to and fro  
Across her flushing face  
And hid a graver grace—  
"Say you, how long will you remember this?"

He bent above her in that moment's bliss,  
He held her close and fast:  
"How long, how long will I remember this? Until I cross at last  
With failing, dying breath  
That river men call Death."  
So long, so long will I remember this.

But when apart they stood, did he remember her  
His words that summer day?  
Did he remember through the long December  
The warmth and love of May?  
The warmth and love and bliss  
The meaning of that kiss,  
When kingdoms stood between—did he remember?

Ah, who can say for him? For her we know  
The king's kiss was her crown;  
For her we know no agony of woe,  
No other smile or frown  
Could make her heart forever  
That summer morning there  
Beneath the forest trees of Fontainebleau.  
—Dora Perry.